

A SERMON ON DAMASCUS.

DR. TALMAGE CONTINUES HIS SERIES ON PALESTINE.

The Text Acts ix, 3: "As He journeyed He Came Near Damascus." Full Report of a Most Admirable Discourse Herewith Presented.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 7.—The New York Academy of Music was filled with an audience of nearly six thousand persons at the Christian Herald service this evening when Dr. Talmage delivered the eleventh sermon of his series on Palestine and the adjoining countries. The same sermon, as on previous Sundays, had been preached in the morning to another large audience in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The subject was "Damascus," and the text, "As He journeyed he came near Damascus."—Acts ix, 3. Dr. Talmage said:

In Palestine we spent last night in a mud hovel of one story, but camels and sheep in the basement. Yet never did the most brilliant hotel on any continent seem so attractive to me as that structure. If we had been obliged to stay in a tent, as we expected to do that night, we must have perished. A violent storm had opened upon us its volleys of hail and snow and rain and wind as if to let us know what the Bible means when prophet and evangelist and Christ himself spoke of the fury of the elements. The atmospheric wrath broke upon us about 1 o'clock in the afternoon and we were until night exposed to it. With hands and feet numb, and our bodies chilled to the bone, we made our slow way. While light up on the rocks, and the pale blowing of the wind, a signal of distress halted the party, for down in the ravines one of the horses had fallen and his rider must not be left alone amid that wilderness of scenery and horror of storm. As the night approached the tempest thickened and blackened and strengthened. Some of our attendants going ahead had gained permission for us to halt for the night in the mud hovel I spoke of. Our first duty on arrival was the resuscitation of the exhausted of our party. My room was without a window, and an iron stove without any top in the center of the room, the smoke selecting my eyes in the absence of a chimney. Through an opening in the floor Arab faces were several times thrust up to see how I was progressing. But the tempest ceased during the night, and before it was fully day we were feeling for the stirrups of our saddled horses, this being the day whose long march will bring us to that city whose name cannot be pronounced in the hearing of the intelligent or the Christian without making the blood thrill and the nerves to thrill, and putting the best emotions of the soul into agitation—Damascus!

CASSIARIA PHILIPPI.

During the day we passed Cassaria Philippi, the northern terminus of Christ's journeyings. North of that he never went. We lunch at a house, seated on the fallen columns of one of Herod's palaces.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, coming to a hill top, we saw on the broad plain a city, which the most famous camel driver of all time, afterward called Mohammed, the prophet and the founder of the most stupendous system of error that has ever cursed the earth, refused to enter because he said God would allow no man to enter but one paradise, and he would not enter this earthly paradise lest he should be denied entrance to the heavenly. But no city that I ever saw so plays hide and seek with the traveler. The air is so clear the distant objects seem close by. You come on the top of a hill and Damascus seems only a little way off. But down you go into a valley and you see nothing for the next half hour but barrenness and rocks regurgitated by the volcanoes of other ages. Up another hill and down again. Up again and down again. But after your patience is almost exhausted you reach the last hill top, and the city of Damascus, the oldest city under the whole heavens and built by Noah's grandson, grows upon your vision. Every mile of the journey now becomes more solemn and suggestive and tremendous.

This is the very road, for it has been the only road for thousands of years, the road from Jerusalem to Damascus, along which a cavalcade of mounted officers went, about 1,800 years ago, in the midst of the fiercest little man who made up by magnitude of hatred for Christianity for his diminutive stature, and was the leading spirit, and, though suffering from chronic inflammation of the eyes, from those eyes flashed more indignation against Christ's followers than any one of the horsed procession. This little man, before his name was changed to Paul, was called Saul. So many of the mightiest natures of all ages are condensed into smallness of stature. The Frenchman who was sometimes called by his troops "Old One Hundred Thousand" was often, because of his abbreviated personal presence, styled "Little Nap." Lord Nelson, with insignificant stature to start with and one eye put out at Calvi and his right arm taken off at Tenerife, proves himself at Trafalgar, the mightiest hero of the English navy. The greatest of American theologians, Archibald Alexander, could stand under the elbow of many of his contemporaries. Look out for little men when they start out for some special mission of good or evil. The thunderbolt is only a condensation of electricity.

SYRIA'S NOONDAY SUN.

Well, that gallant group of horsemen on the road to Damascus were halted quicker than bombshell or cavalry charge ever halted a regiment. The Syrian noonday, because of the clarity of the atmosphere, is the brightest of all noondays, and the noonday sun in Syria is positively terrific for brilliance. But suddenly that noon there flashed from the heavens a light which made that Syrian sun seem tame as a star in comparison. It was the face of the slain and ascended Christ looking from the heavens, and under the dash of that overpowering light all the horses dropped with their riders. Human face and horse's mane together in the dust. And then two claps of thunder followed uttering the two words, the second word like the first: "Saul! Saul!" For three days that fallen equestrian was totally blind, for excess of light will sometimes extinguish the eyesight. And what comes and crystalline lens could endure a brightness greater than the noonday Syrian sun? I had read it a hundred times, but it never so impressed me before, and probably will never so impress me again, as I took my Bible from the saddle bags and read aloud to our comrades in travel, "As he journeyed he came near Damascus," and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven, and he fell to the earth and heard a voice saying unto him, "Saul! Saul! Why persecutest thou me?" and he said, "Who art thou, Lord?" and the Lord said, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest."

But we cannot stop longer on this road, for we shall see this unhorsed equestrian later in Damascus, toward which his horse's head is turned and at which we must our

selves arrive before night. The evening is near at hand, and as we leave snowy Hermon behind us and approach the shadow of the cupolas of two hundred mosques we enter through a circumference of many miles of garden which embower the city. So luxuriant are these gardens, so opulent in colors, so luscious of fruits, so glittering with fountains, so rich with hovers and clocks that the Mohammedan's heaven was fashioned after what are to be seen here of bloom and fruitage. Here in Damascus at the right season are cherries and mulberries and apricots and almonds and pistachios and pomegranates and pears and apples and plums and citrons and all the richness of the round world's pomology. No wonder that Julian called this city "the eye of the east," and that the poets of Syria have styled it "the luster on the neck of doves," and historians said, "It is the golden clasp which couples the two sides of the world together."

DISAPPOINTMENT AT DAMASCUS.

Many travelers express disappointment with Damascus, but the trouble is they have carried in their minds from boyhood the book which dazzles so many young people, "The Arabian Nights," and they come into Damascus looking for Aladdin's lamp and Aladdin's ring and the genie which appeared by rubbing them. But as I have never read "The Arabian Nights," such stuff not being allowed around our house in my boyhood, and nothing lighter in the way of reading than "Buster's Saints' Everlasting Rest" and "Buster's History of the Reformation," Damascus appeared to me as sacred and secular histories have presented it, and so the city was not a disappointment, but with few exceptions a surprise.

Under my window to-night in the hotel at Damascus I hear the perpetual ripple and rush of the river Abana. Ah, the secret is out! Now I know why all this flora and fruit, and why everything is so green, and the plain one great emerald. The river Abana! And not far off the river Pharpar, which our horses waded through today! Thank the rivers, or rather the God who made the rivers! Deserts to the north, deserts to the south, deserts to the east, deserts to the west, but here a paradise. And as the rivers Gihon and Pison and Hiddekel and Euphrates made the other paradise, Abana and Pharpar make this Damascus a paradise. That is what made Gen. Naaman of this city of Damascus so mad when he was told of the cure of his leprosy to go and wash in the Jordan. The river Jordan is much of the year a muddy stream and it is never so clear as this river Abana that I hear rumbling under my window to-night nor as the river Pharpar that we crossed today. They are as clear as though they had been sieved through some special sieve of the mountains. Gen. Naaman had great and patriotic pride in these two rivers of his own country, and when Elisha the prophet told him that if he would get rid of his leprosy he must go and wash in the Jordan, he felt as we who live on the magnificent Hudson would feel if told that we must go and wash in the muddy Thames, or as if those who live on the transparent Rhine were told that they must go and wash in the muddy Tiber.

So Gen. Naaman cried out with a voice as loud as ever he had used in commanding his troops, uttering those memorable words which every minister of the gospel sooner or later takes for his text: "Are there Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" Thank God, we live in a land with plenty of rivers, and that they bless all our Atlantic coast and all our Pacific coast, and reticulate all the continent between the coasts. Only those who have traveled in the deserts of Syria, or Egypt, or have in the oriental cities heard the tinkling of the bell of those who sell water can realize what it is to have this divine beverage in abundance. Water rumbling over the rocks, turning the mill wheel, saturating the roots of the corn, dripping from the buckets, filling the pitchers of the household, rolling through the fountains of baptistries of holy ordinance, filling the reservoirs of cities, inviting the cattle to come down and slake their thirst and the birds of heaven to dip their wings, ascending in robes of mist and falling again in benediction of shower—water, living water, God given water!

AWAKENING IN THE MORNING.

We are awakened in the morning in Damascus by the song of those who have different styles of food to sell. It is not a street cry as in London or New York, but a weird and long drawn out solo, compared with which a buzz saw is musical. It makes you inopportunistly waken, and will not let you sleep again. But to those who understand the exact meaning of the song it becomes quite tolerable, for they sing: "God is the nourisher, buy my bread;" "God is the nourisher, buy my milk;" "God is the nourisher, buy my fruit." As you look out of the window you see the Mohammedans, who are in large majority in the city, at prayer. And if we were put to vote who should be king of all the earth, fifteen thousand in that city would say Christ, but one hundred and thirty thousand would say Mohammed. Looking from the window, you see on the house-tops and on the streets Mohammedans at worship. The muezzin, or the officers of religion who announce the time of worship, appear high up on the different minarets or tall towers, and walk around the minaret, inclosed by a railing and cry in a sad and mumbled way: "God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers! Come to salvation! God is great. There is no other but God. Prayers are better than sleep." Five times a day must the Mohammedan engage in worship. As he begins he turns his face toward the city of Mecca, and unrolls upon the ground a rug which he almost always carries. With his thumbs touching the lobes of his ears, and holding his face between his hands, he cries, "God is great." Then lifting his hands above his girdle, he looks down and says: "Holiness to thee, O God, and praise be to thee. Great is thy name. Great is thy greatness. There is no deity but thee." Then the worshiper sits upon his heels, then he touches his nose to the rug, and then his forehead, these genuflections accompanied with the cry, "Great is God." Then, raising the forefinger of his right hand toward heaven, he says: "I testify there is no deity but God, and I testify that Mohammed is the servant of God, and the messenger of God." The prayers close by the worshiper holding his hands opened upward as if to take the divine blessing, and then his hands are rubbed over his face as if to convey the blessing to his entire body.

REASONS FOR PRAISING MOHAMMEDANISM.

There are two or three commendable things about Mohammedanism. One is that its disciples wash before every act of prayer, and that is five times a day, and there's a gospel in cleanliness. Another commendable thing is they don't care who is looking and nothing can stop them in their prayer. Another thing is that by the order of Mohammed, and an order obeyed for thirteen hundred years, no Mohammedan touches strong drink. But the

polygamy, the many wifehood of Mohammedanism, has made that religion the unutterable and everlasting curse of woman, and when woman sinks the race sinks. The proposition recently made in high ecclesiastical places for the reformation of Mohammedanism, instead of its obliteration, is like an attempt to improve a plague or educate a leprosy. There is only one thing that will ever reform Mohammedanism, and that is its extinction from the face of the earth, by the power of the gospel of the Son of God, which makes not only man, but woman, free for this life and free for the life to come.

The spirit of the horrible religion which prevails the city of Damascus, along whose streets we walk and out of whose bazars we make purchases, and in whose mosques we study the wood carvings and bedimentments, was demonstrated as late as 1860, when in this city it put to death 6,000 Christians in forty-eight hours, and put to the torch 3,000 Christian houses, and those streets we walk today were red with the carnage, and the shrieks and groans of the dying and dishonored men and women made this place a hell on earth. This went on until a Mohammedan, better than his religion, Abd-el-Kader by name, a great soldier, who in one war had with 2,500 troops beaten 60,000 of the enemy, now protested against this massacre and gathered the Christians of Damascus into castles and private houses and filled his own home with the afflicted sufferers. After a while the mob came to his door and demanded the "Christian dogs" whom he was sheltering. And Abd-el-Kader mounted a horse and drew his sword, and with a few of his old soldiers around him charged on the mob and cried: "Wretches! Is this the way you honor the prophet? May his curses be upon you! Shame on you! Shame! You will yet live to repent. You think you may do as you please with the Christians, but the day of retribution will come. The Franks will yet turn your mosques into churches. Not a Christian will I give up. They are my brothers. Stand back or I will give my men the order to fire."

Then by the might of one great soul under God the wave of assassination rolled back. Huzza for Abd-el-Kader! Although now we Americans and foreigners pass through the streets of Damascus unharmed, there is in many parts of the city the shadow of a badred for Christians, that if it did not put to death a woman, man and child in Damascus who does not declare allegiance to Mohammed. But I am glad to say that a wide, hard, splendid turnpike road has within a few years been constructed from Beyrout, on the shore of the Mediterranean, to thence to Damascus, and if ever again that wholesale assassination is attempted French troops and English troops would, with jingling bits and lightning hoofs, dash up the hills and down this Damascus plain, and leave the Mohammedan murderers dead on the floor of their mosques and seraglios. It is too late in the history of the world for governments to allow such things as the modern massacre at Damascus. For such murderous attacks on Christian missionaries and Christian disciples the gospel is not so appropriate as bullets or sabers sharp and heavy enough to cut through with one stroke from crown of head to saddle.

THE MEXICAN CITY.

But I must say that this city of Damascus as I see it now is not as absorbing as the Damascus of olden times. I turn my back upon the bazars, with rugs fascinating the merchants from Bagdad, and the Indian textile fabric of incomparable make, and the manufactured saddles and bridles gay enough for princes of the orient to ride and pull, and baths where alitutions becomes inspiration, and the homes of those bargain makers of today, marbled and divined and fountained and upholstered and mosaiced and arabesqued and colored until nothing can be added, and the splendid remains of the great mosque of John, originally built with gates so heavy that it required five men to turn them, and columns of porphyry and kneeling places framed in diamond and seventy-four stained-glass windows and six hundred lamps of pure gold, a single prayer offered in this mosque would be worth thirty thousand prayers offered in any other place. I turn my back on all these and see Damascus as it was when this narrow street, which the Bible calls Straight, was a great wide street, a New York Broadway or a Parisian Champs Elysees, a great thoroughfare crossing the city from gate to gate, along which tramped and rolled the pomp of all nations.

There goes Abraham, the father of all the faithful. He has in this city been purchased a celebrated slave. There goes Ben Hadad of Bible times, leading thirty-two conquered monarchs. There goes David, king, warrior and sacred poet. There goes Tamerlane, the conqueror. There goes Haroun al Raschid, once the commander of an army of ninety-five thousand Persians and Arabs. There comes a warrior on his way to the barracks, carrying that kind of sword which the world has forgotten how to make, a Damascus blade, with the interlacing of color changing at every new turn of the light, many colors coming and going and interjoining, the blade so keen it could cut in twain an object without making the lower part of the object tremble, with an elasticity that could not be broken, though you brought the point of the sword clear back to the hilt, and having a watered appearance which made the blade seem as though just steamed in a clear fountain, a triune glow of light which a thousand modern foundry men and chemists have attempted in vain to imitate. On the side of this street, damasks, named after this city, figures of animals and fruits and landscape here being first wrought into silk—damasks. And specimens of damaskeening by which in this city steel and iron were first grained, and then the groves filled with wire of gold—damaskeening. But stand back or we will have here at the gates of the city laden caravans from Aleppo in one direction, and caravans of all nations paying toll to this supremacy. Great is Damascus!

WHAT MOST STIRS THE SOUL.

But what most stirs my soul is neither chariot nor caravan nor bazar nor palace, but a blind man passing along the street, in a clear form and insignifant of olden times, a blind man, a triune glow of light which a thousand modern foundry men and chemists have attempted in vain to imitate. On the side of this street, damasks, named after this city, figures of animals and fruits and landscape here being first wrought into silk—damasks. And specimens of damaskeening by which in this city steel and iron were first grained, and then the groves filled with wire of gold—damaskeening. But stand back or we will have here at the gates of the city laden caravans from Aleppo in one direction, and caravans of all nations paying toll to this supremacy. Great is Damascus!

maudlin persecutor. He was a great nature crushed. He had started for the city of Damascus for the one purpose of assassinating Christ's followers, but since that fall from his horse he has entirely changed. Ananias steps up to the sightless man, puts his right thumb on one eye and the left thumb on the other eye, and in an outburst of sympathy and love and faith says: "Brother Saul! Brother Saul! the Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, has sent me that thou mayest receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost." Instantly something like scales fell from the blind man's eyes, and he arose from that seat the mightiest evangel of all the ages, a Sir William Hamilton for metaphysical analysis, a John Milton for sublimity of thought, a Whitfield for popular eloquence, a John Howard for widespread philanthropy, but more than all of them put together inspired, thunderbolted, multipotent, apostle, did Judas, the kind host of this blind man, or Ananias, the visitor, see scales drop from the sightless eyes? I think not. But Paul knew they had fallen, and that is all that happens to any of us when we are converted. The blinding scales drop from our eyes and we see things differently.

A Christian woman, missionary among a most degraded tribe, whose religion was never to wash or improve personal appearance, was trying to persuade one of those heathen women not only of need of change of heart but change of habits, which would result in change of appearance but the effort failed until the missionary had placed in her own hallway a looking glass, and when the barbaric woman passing through the hall saw herself in the mirror for the first time, she exclaimed, "Can it be possible I look like that?" and appalled at her own appearance she renounced her old religion and asked to be instructed in the Christian religion. And so we feel that we are all right in our sinful and unchanged condition until the scales fall from our eyes, and in the looking glass of God's word we see ourselves as we really are, until divine grace transforms us.

MANY PEOPLE ARE BLIND.

There are many people in this house today as blind as Paul was before Ananias touched his eyes. And there are many here from whom eyes and scales have already fallen. You see all subjects and all things differently—God and Christ and eternity, and your own immortal spirit. Sometimes the scales do not all fall at once. When I was a boy, at Mount Pleasant, one Sunday afternoon reading Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," that afternoon some of the scales fell from my eyes and I saw a little. After I had been in the ministry about a year, one Sunday afternoon in the village where I was reading the Bible story of the Syrian Phenician's faith, other scales fell from my eyes and I saw better. Two Sunday evenings ago, while preparing for the evening service in New York, I picked up a book that I did not remember to have seen before, and after I had read a page about reconsecration to God I think the remaining scales fell from my eyes. Shall not our visit to Damascus today result, like Paul's visit, in vision to the blind and in increased vision for those who saw some what before?

I was reading of a painter's child who became blind in infancy. But after the child was nearly grown a surgeon removed the blindness. When told that this could be done, the child's chief thought, her mother being dead, was she would be able to see her father, who had watched over her with great tenderness. When night came she was in raptures, and man her hands over her father's face, and shut her eyes as if to assure herself that this was really the father whom she had only known by touch, and now looking upon him, noble man as he was in appearance as well as in reality, she cried out: "Just to think that I had this father so many years and never knew him!" As great and greater is the soul's joyful surprise when the scales fall from the eyes and the long spiritual darkness is ended, and we look up into our father's face always radiant and loving, but now for the first revealed, and our blindness forever gone, we cry, "Abba father!"

To each one of this vast multitude of auditors I say as Ananias did to Saul of Tarsus when his sympathetic fingers touched the closed eyelids: "Brother Saul! Brother Saul! the Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way that thou camest, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost!"

Afrail of a Splurge.

One of the slickest games ever worked by confidence men is that of buying a farm. One of the pair looks over the country until he finds the man he is after, and he then buys the farm at the farmer's own price, paying from \$50 to \$500 down to bind the bargain. Before the papers can be made out a confederate comes along, falls in love with the same farm, and offers the farmer \$2,000 more than the other did. The agriculturist sees a speculation here, and he buys the first purchaser off with a big farm. The second man drops out of sight, and the farmer learns something new.

I was stopping overnight with a Connecticut farmer who had sold out and taken \$200 to bind the bargain. I was there when the second man called with his tempting offer. He waited at the barn, and Uncle Jerry came in and said to Aunt Sally:

"Seems like a chance to make a clean thousand dollars. The first buyer says he'll take a thousand, and that'll leave us the same."

"Did we ever have a thousand dollars all at once?" she asked.

"Never."

"Ever have a chance to splurge out and make fools of ourselves?"

"No."

"Do you think we'd do it if we had the money?"

"Well, I was thinkin' of a new watch and a baidcloth suit."

"And I was thinkin' of a silk dress and a new bonnet. Uncle Jerry, we don't do it. We'd splurge in less'n twenty-four hours."

"Guess we would, Aunt Sally, and so I'll sell out to the first man."

He sternly refused the second offer, and even when a thousand more was added he was inflexible. The first purchaser never showed up again, and to this day the old couple are holding the money and have the papers ready for the trade.—New York Sun.

A Reward of Merit.

"I bought four dozen eggs of you the other day," he began, as he entered the grocery, "and I found"

"Two dozen bad ones, of course. Well, I'm not responsible. I can't see through eggshells."

"I was going to say that"—

"I know it; but I shan't make up the loss."

"Won't you let me say they were all good, every one of them?"

"Right."

"Not a bad one in the lot."

"James, put him up another dozen as a reward for lying."—Detroit Free Press.



Something New for the Kitchen

— THE —

Keystone Freezer

— AND —

Beater Comb

ALL FOR \$

— AT —

RUDGE & MORRI

No. 1122 N STREET.

Agents for Garland Stoves and I

PICTURE FRAMES
LOWEST PRICES

AN ELEGANT LINE OF MOULI

S. E. MOORE, III 40 S

Scribner's Magazine

For the coming year will be noteworthy for a special features which the Publishers believe of unusual interest and among them the following may be

Sir Edward Arnold,

contributes to the December number the first of a series of four Articles on the life of the great statesman, Mr. Robert Peel, who was Commissioner of the London Dock Company, and a very remarkable series of drawings, and the recent African Exhibition held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

Henry M. Stanley

has prepared for the January number an important article upon "The African Forest." Another contribution in this field will be Mr. J. Scott Kel the recent African Exhibition held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

The Wrecker,

a Serial Novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, will run part of the year. Illustrated by Hote. A two part story by Frank H. Stockton.

Prof. James Bryce, M. P.

author of "The American Commonwealth," will write a series of Four Articles embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land of never

Ocean Steamships

will be the subject of an important series somewhat upon the lines of "The Pacific Ocean," "The Atlantic Ocean," "The Life of Officers and Men," "Speed and Endurance," "The Subjects touched upon and illustrated."

Great Streets of the World

is the title of a series of articles which the publisher of Scribner's Magazine will give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares. The first, on Broadway, will be illustrated by Richard Harding Davis, and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow London, Boulevard, Paris; The Corso, Rome.

The price of Scribner's Magazine admits of adding a subscription at very small cost. Orders should be sent at

\$3.00 A YEAR. 25 CENTS A NUMBER

Charles Scribner's Sons, Publ

743-745 Broadway, New York.

Most Popular Resort in the City

Exposition Dining I

S. J. ODELL, MANAGER.

— 11'9, 1121 and 1123 N Street.

Meals 25 cts. \$4.50 per week

A TWICE TOLD TALE

The wise man selecteth the "Burlington route" and therefore starteth aright.

He arrayeth himself in purple and fine linen, for lo, and behold, he is snugly ensconced in a "lower center" on the famous vestibule flyer, where smoke and dust are never known.

He provideth himself with a book from the generous library near at hand, adjusteth his traveling cap, and proceedeth to pass a day of unalloyed pleasure and contentment.

And it came to pass, being hungry and athirst, he steppeth into the dining car, and by the beard of the prophet, "twas a feast fit for the gods. Venison, Blue Points, Burgundy, frog legs, can vashacks, Mum's extra dry, English plum pudding, fruits, nuts, ices, French coffee, verily, the wise man waxeth fat, and while he lighteth a cigar, he taketh time to declare that the meal was "out of sight."

It occurth to the wise man that the country through which he journeyed was one of wondrous beauty, inasmuch that it was with deep regret he noted the nightly shadows fall. However, tenfold joy returned as he beheld the brilliantly lighted car, and the merry company it contained. Verily, it afforded a view of Elysium.

The wise man retirith to rest. Deliciously unconcerned, he sleeps the sleep of the righteous and awakes much refreshed. His train is on time, his journey ended. He rejoiceth with exceeding great joy, as he holds a return ticket by the same route, the "Great Burlington."

MORAL: Travel by the Burlington

J. FRANCIS,

Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent, Omaha.

A. C. Z.

City Pass. and Linco